

Five Times Link Larkin Sang To Tracy Turnblad

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Summary: Hairspray 2007 Verse. It's all in the title.

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\*\*Disclaimer\*\*: Hairspray isn't mine pouts And incase it isn't clear, I don't own Elvis or any of his songs, either. Just so you know.

\*\*Summary\*\*: My take on five times that Link Larkin may have sang for Tracy Turnblad. Starts during the 2007 movie and continues life afterwards.

\*\*Notes\*\*: This was written as a late birthday/Christmas present for Rosa Cotton. I'm sorry it took so long, I hope it's not too rubbish and that you enjoy it! And I hope the rest of you enjoy reading it too.

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The first time Link Larkin sang a song for Tracy Turnblad, he hadn't even intended to in the first place. \_Ladies' Choice \_might have been his song, but he'd picked it because it was a gutsy rock-and-roll number that did nothing but encourage his heartthrob status, not because he pictured a specific chick he wanted to sing it to (no matter how much Amber liked to kid herself). With that in mind, he'd approached each performance with professionalism and neutrality, making sure he didn't pay attention to one girl more than any other, and aiming to make eye contact with every one in the crowd at least once (it was the best way of keeping his fans happy and jealousy-free, as well as scoring points with new chicks). It was a good method, and he had no trouble applying it. That is, until Tracy Turnblad had entered the scene.

She'd boldly spun her way onto the dance floor at Corny's high school

hop, and just as easily spun her way into his heart. He'd been mesmerised on stage, watching with awe as she danced effortlessly and brilliantly to his song, and without even really trying, she'd unknowingly become his entire focus there and then. Link hadn't had to think twice before finishing the rest of the performance singing directly to her, and as far as he was concerned, from then onwards Tracy was the only girl ever worth singing *Ladies' Choice* to again.

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The second time had been for Tracy's 18th birthday, a couple of months after the life-changing and unforgettable experience of Miss Teenage Hairspray '62 (and more importantly, a couple of months after they'd been going steady). Miss Edna and Miss Maybelle had organised a huge party at the kids' local hang-out, Grady's Groove Thing, a happening joint and Tracy's favourite place to go dancing. As had been originally planned, Link had made his presence unfelt until Seaweed gave him the all-clear, at which point he'd entered the room with a flourish, announcing he was "carrying the cake for Tracy T!" and secretly praying he didn't trip and ruin the whole surprise.

He'd started singing *Happy Birthday* along with the rest of the crowd, eyes searching for her amongst the throng, but the words had died in his throat as he'd taken in the sight of her glowing in a red polka dot dress and the delighted look on her face - she looked absolutely beautiful. As soon as he'd made his way over to her though, and she'd kissed him softly to thank him, he resumed singing, voice louder than the rest and carrying over the crowd cheerfully. He had leaned over so he could intimately breathe the last line of the song into her ear, and as a blush crept up her cheek, he considered the two-hour separation and wait had almost been worth it.

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Link had to put in a lot of effort the third time he sang to Tracy, because she was still really hacked off at him and he'd run out of options on how to get her to talk to him again. Not that he blamed her for being so angry, but the point was that he hadn't done it deliberately and he was *really* sorry, so shouldn't that have counted for something? Nothing had worked, though. Standing on the sidewalk in front of the Hardy Har Hut, with numerous clown masks in the window lifelessly watching him, had creeped him out massively, but Link stuck to his guns and impulsively proceeded to break into a heartfelt, if slightly melodramatic, rendition of the classic *Heartbreak Hotel* under Tracy's bedroom window.

He hadn't even cared about the numerous cars honking in his direction as they passed, or that every kid who went past him heckled, just that Tracy forgave him. He didn't want to contemplate attempting to live his life without her, because he was dead certain it wouldn't be worth it. A slight twitch in the curtains drawn across the window had given him hope, and he'd continued singing with extra gusto, pouring each particle of his soul and being into the lyrics and hoping she'd hear just how sorry he was. As the song drew to a close and nothing happened, an unforgiving cold had filtered through his veins, and he'd turned away in defeat to make his way home, when he'd heard the click of the door open behind him. A second later, his arms were full

of curves and softness, and as he held her tightly, he'd send a silent thanks to the King.

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She hadn't heard him the fourth time. Link had known that the attempt would be futile in nature, but he'd had to try something, anything, to stop himself from going insane. The doctors had said that Tracy had been incredibly lucky the impact from the crash hadn't killed her, but unfortunately due to the extent of the damage from the concussion and internal injuries, they had no way of knowing when she'd wake up, or if she even would. They could do nothing except wait and talk to her, in the hope that a familiar voice wouldâ€¦ Link had heard nothing that followed, the impact of the news hitting him like a hammer to the head, his world suddenly spinning around him in flashes of blood red. He waited on tenterhooks for Mr and Mrs Turnblad to return from seeing their baby girl first, wanting to run screaming into Tracy's room and see her himself, but barely holding back out of respect for their own heartache.

He sat at Miss Maybelle's feet, her left hand stroking his hair, Penny cross-legged in front of him, sniffing to herself and grasping one of his hands tightly in hers, the other intertwined with her boyfriend's. Seaweed leaned against his mother's legs on Link's other side, his free hand pressed deep into Link's shoulder. He couldn't take much comfort given the situation, but it provided enough, and he felt profoundly grateful for the presence of his friends (family), because he didn't know what he would've done otherwise. Upon the return of Tracy's parents, they let go of him silently as one, and he had walked with heavy footsteps towards her, soul breaking as he took in the sight of her lifeless form on the bed. He'd taken his place at her side without hesitation, and holding her hand and stroking her hair with tears in his eyes, he'd softly crooned *Ladies' Choice*, willing her to wake up. When she didn't, he'd broken down, pleas of "come back to me" lost amongst salty tears and sterile bedsheets.

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The fifth time Link Larkin sang to Tracy Turnblad was one of the best and most magical nights of his life (and he'd hoped hers too). It was the end of the year, prom was in full swing at Patterson Park High School, and the pair of them had been dancing and laughing the night away, revelling in each other's company, and that of their closest friends. Nobody was sure who they'd see again and who they would inevitably lose touch with, and so everyone had taken advantage of the limited time they had left together, but none more so than Link and Tracy. He hadn't wanted to waste one minute they spent with each other, and so had barely let go of her all evening. Except for the time where he'd taken to the stage as a surprise, and started singing *It Takes Two*.

She'd watched in a mixture of amusement and embarrassment as he'd huskily sang, the depths of his love for her written clear all over his face, and transparent through his voice and the words he directed towards her. He had finished to a thunderous round of applause, and as he made his way back to her, she could only stare at him in wonder and breathlessly enquire as to the reason behind his performance. He spoke of precious time together, and awfully big adventures, fairy tale romances and how being with her had included his scariest and

most enchanting experiences and how with every fibre of his being, he \*\*loved\*\* her. He'd shown her the commitment ring he'd bought her, promising that if she took it, he'd find a way to be with her forever because he'd die if he had to imagine his life without her. She'd gasped, eyes shining with unshed tears, saying she loved him too and even though a severe coma couldn't kill her, being without him would. Link had slipped the ring onto her finger with trembling hands, then kissed her with every ounce of love and passion he could muster, feeling her respond in kind. He'd held her tightly against him and Tracy had asked him to sing to her again. He did without pause. They lived in love.

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Review are love.

End  
file.